

g r o w i n g

p a i n s



ONE

Hello

Hello

Hello

Welcome to Growing Pains number one! I used to do a zine called Ms. America with a friend of mine but i wanted this to be an entirely different zine cuz i have changed so much since then it didnt seem right to continue this as Ms. America. If you are interested in getting any copies of Ms. America you have to do so thru riot grrrl press cuz i dont want to distro them myself anymore cuz im fucken sick of them. Riot grrrl presses address is the same as mine (for now). Oh yeah, ive been working on riot grrrl press since its been here in chicago and

FUCK ANYONE WHO IS SPREADING RUMORS THAT WE ARE KEEPING THE MONEY PEOPLE SEND IN FOR ORDERS!

Riot grrrl press got kicked out of its space in D.C. at this so called collective and putting it back together has been long and hard. But its finally back on its feet and we are almost finished with a new catalog and its gonna be really really thick so send two dollars if ya want one.

So here i am, welcome to me. My name is Sarah and i am a white, middle-class, college educated, queer, skinny woman.

THIS IS ALL RELEVANT

So right now im sitting by an open window, sitting at my kitchen table and if yr not from the mid-west you might not realize what that means at the beginning of March. But right now that means everything cuz if i have to trudge through anymore snow freezing my ass off im going to kill everyone. Ive been living in Chicago for about a year and half now and sometimes i love this city so much i never wanna leave and sometimes i hate this city so much i want to run away as fast as fucking possible.

This city is so big it makes me feel so small and alone sometimes. I take the el to work during rush hour and sometimes it breaks my heart to see so many people jam packed on a little train going to their stupid jobs that you can just see in their faces that they hate. But this city is a choice for me cuz im not in stuck here cuz of lack of resources to get out if i wanted. I can take it or leave it, others can't.

So, i may be moving to Portland really soon to live in these all girl houses that some women there are starting and i have mixed feelings about leaving chicago. I know that my heart is in the midwest and the south and ill be back someday, i swear.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

But for now i need to explore and stop being afraid to take chances with my life.

God, right now my roomates, Erika and Justin are playing the most awesome song on their guitars and this is another thing i want to talk about. I have so many awesome friends right now who have totally changed my life and i dont know where i would be right now without them. Ive been a totally closed up person for a while now, but i feel this change in me happening, its like a tingleing in my toes thats working its way up.

Thats why i named this zine Growing Pains. Its about me growing and learning to feel and reclaiming my voice cuz i remember when it use to be strong and im not shutting myself off anymore. Growing Pains cuz growing hurts but its a good hurt and im welcoming it 100 percent.

God, when did i get so fucking emo, it snuck up on me,
i swear.

AND, just cuz im sounding emo doesnt mean im all happy
smilely faces everything is fine and dandy and awesome
stlye. Cuz im also a pissed off angry bitch sometimes
and dont you forget that.

yours with love & spite,

Sarah



p.s. i still pick my nose.

everything in here is by me except the article about
roit grrrl which is by Erika Reinstein and the self
portrait of Jenny Katsenios by you guessed it,
Jenny Katsenios

SOMETIMES

ALL

THESE

BIG

BUILDINGS

ME

MAKE

FEEL

REAL

LONELY



this is me (who are you?)

I want to tell you about myself, about how i grew up becuz my life didnt start when i got involved in punk or riot grrrl. It started the day i was born and how i was raised has totally effected the way i see the world, the way i relate to and treat other people, the way i spend money, the way i talk, the way i write, basically it effects everything i do. Plus, i see a lot of people in the punk scene who act like their lives before they got involved in punk is disconnected cuz hell, we're revolutionaries now, never mind if you grew up in the suburbs, cuz you eat outta dumpsters and live in someone elses closet now. Nothing is disconnected and by telling you about myself i am stopping that destructive cycle.

I grew up in a family that i would say was lower middle class who eventually became middle class. I lived in kentucky for a while where my dad worked as a salesman selling radio advertising and my mom was a nurse. We lived in a white lower middle class and working class neighborhood. My dad got laid off from his job and thats why we moved to illinois cuz he got a job at another radio station, making more money cuz the house we lived in was bigger and it was in a white working class and lower and middle class neighborhood.

My mom got another job as a nurse and we lived there for 7yrs and then my mom and dad bought a small radio station in a small farming town called greenville. My mom and dad took out a bunch of loans to do this cuz it was my dads dream and it was really a make or break situation. When we moved to greenville we had no money, in fact we where way in debt and then my dad got a slipped disk in his back and had to have surgery and was flat on his back for quite a while then my mom got an incureable kindney disease so we had big hospital bills on top of everything, plus my mom and dad both couldnt go to work. Even tho my families economic situation flactuated a lot my family was still middle class cuz class is not just about economics.

Right now my family is doing really well economically and sometimes it feels really weird when i go home to visit. Since i have moved out of the house my parents have made a success out of the radio station and are making a lot more money. When we moved to greenville cuz we had no money we would rent houses till the lease was up and then move. We moved 5 times in about two years but now my parents own a pretty big house and there is a lot of new things like really nice tvs, fairly new cars, new carpet, and tons of different

kinds of foods to choose from. Plus they have added on to the radio station major style cuz when they bought it it was a total of four small rooms and now its way bigger with new equipment, new carpet and wallpaper, another bathroom and other stuff. Its all fucken weird to me cuz all that stuff was not there when i left. I have two younger brothers who still live at home and ive been thinking about how they are growing up is a lot different then how i grew up.

When my dad was on his back since i was the oldest and the only girl i had to stay home and take care of him and my brothers while my mom was at work and when my mom got sick i had even more to do and worry about. Im not sure how much of this my brothers remember, i mean, kids are not stupid, they know when shit is going on, but i think my brothers are more of a product of a family who has reached the middle class american dream then i am.

Another thing I've been thinking about is, what did my parents have to fucking sacrifice to become the all american middle class small business owning family? My mom and dad (but ESPECIALLY my mom) almost never have a moments rest. My mom sacrificed a job as a nurse that she really enjoyed to work at the radio station. They both sacrificed any time with each other or me and my brothers. Im not sure about my dads side of the family, but my mom grew up in a family with very little money. My grandpa worked as a repair man and no matter how much they needed the money he would not let my grandma work outside of the house. Not that she didnt have her work cut out for her with six kids to raise. God, what fucking kind of a life did my grandma have?

My grandpa totally instilled in my mom and all my aunts and uncles to workworkwork. That was your only fucking salvation. It was the only salvation he knew. I mean, my parents are fucken lucky cuz they worked their asses off and "made it" while lots of people work their asses off and still cant even pay their bills. What im trying to say is that it fucken sucks 100 fucken percent that just about everyone has to fucken sell their soul to live in the fucken usa. fuck

fuck

Ok, another really important thing about my background is that i have always lived in white working class or mixed class neighborhoods. This has a lot to do with living in kentucky and small working class towns in southern illinois. A lot of the population in Lousiville and Pekin and most of the population in

Greenville were working class. The places i have lived in were nothing like middle class suberbs. All of my good friends except one and every single person i have ever dated has been working class. Im usually way more comfortable around working class people then i am around middle or upper middle class people. By saying this it doesn't mean that i havent been fucked up to poor or working class people cuz i totally have been, or that im not accountable for my classism but i do think in some ways i have a better grounds for understanding class oppression then people who only grew up around middle class people. Im not saying that i know what its like to grow up poor, but i do think me growing up and being close to working class people all my life has definitely shaped the person i am a lot.

I really need to stress here that i grew up in WHITE working class and mixed class neighborhoods. All the places i have lived untill now (chicago) have been very white dominated. I've never, until now, had any close friends who weren't white, or at least who didnt have white skin privilege cuz when i think back on it now i had some friends who were definitely not white but passed and identified as white. The small farm town i lived in was a really openly racist town. No one tried to cover it up, racist jokes could be heard just about anywhere.

I think this was true cuz it was a working class town, i dont mean that all working class people are really racist, but as some friends of mine, Mary and Erika, have pointed out to me middle class people have learned to hide their racism under educated language while working class peoples racism isnt hidden under proper language and fake acceptance. This is totally true for me cuz as a middle class person living in a working class town i always thought i was better cuz i was more educated about race, and thought that all the people around me were really racist and i wasnt.

I feel like im totally jumping around here, but i guess thats o.k. I went to college at illinois state university. My parents paid for tuition and rent, plus a little money for bills, i paid for food, some bills and spending money. When i was in college, for the first time in my life i became friends with a lot of middle class girls. I lived in an apt. with 3 middle class girls and was best friends with a middle class girl. Looking back at it now it was definitely on the most unhappy times of my life. Most of the communication between us revolved around be nicey nicey to each others faces, but fucken stabbing each other in the backs. We were constantly mad at each other but never communicated about it. The thing is, communicating in this way was totally new to me. I remember one time one of my roomates thought i was trying to steal her boyfriend (gag) so i went to try and talk to her although everyone warned me that "mindy doesnt like to talk about her problems." When i got to her room she was watching 90210 and i asked her to shut it off so we could talk, but she just put it on mute and looked at the tv the whole time i tried to talk to her.

Before college i always had really close, intense relationships with other girls and we would always fucken fight in this really awesome style where we knew we were still totally devoted to each other. Actually one year that i lived in the dorms i was roomates with a girl who was working class and jewish and every time we were mad at each other we would totally have it out in a really loud awesome way but still be friends the next morning and i didnt have a relationship like that with anyone else and i think it really fucked me up as far as my ability to communicate and be honest with people.

Another thing about college is that i fucking hated it. I was an english major with a women studies minor and i really didnt fit in with all the super snooty, super intellectual theoretical english major style people. My parents or any one i grew up around did not use itellectual academic sterile language. It was totally knew and fucken weird to me. I felt stupid most of the time and when i would write papers i would sit at the computer and look almost every word up on the thesaurus hoping my paper would sound more college style. But, and this is a big but, getting a college education has privileged me in so many ways and given me access to lots of resources and even tho it sucked in a lot of ways, im not denying what a fucken privilege going to college was.

[REDACTED]

So here i am. I live in chicago and work at a bookstore. I make \$5.75 an hour and even tho that is not a middle class income, i am still middle class. Everything in my life has made me who i am. I'm a little bit paranoid about this article. I'm thinking everyone is going to read this and just think its irrelevant and boring. Who gives a fuck about my life anyway? Well, fuck that cuz this is way more interesting then a fucken record review and way more important then another travel story. Also, this, of coarse, is not all of me, but a small part of the big picture of who this person sitting at this word processor telling you all this stuff is.

nothing

is

irrelevant

yeah, im from the south
so y'all can SUCK MY
BLUE GRASS!

So i was born in Louisville, Kentucky and lived there till i was 7 yrs old. I've been thinking a lot lately about how growing up in the south has effected me. I mean, there is this whole idea that southerners are slow, backwards, stupid, and me thinking that hasnt effected the way i saw myself growing up is way short-sighted. I learned to talk with a southern drawl and when we moved to illinois i was constantly made fun of by the other kids cuz of the way i talked. I use to think that i just eventually lost my accent, but thats not true cuz i can remember sitting in front of the bathroom mirror practicing the way i talked and being totally afraid to go to school cuz everyone thought i was stupid. I think how people learn to talk is native tongue for them and everything else is forced. When i visit my relatives in Kentucky my accent reappears in about 5 minutes cuz its natural for me to talk with a drawl. I still get embarrassed to tell people im from the south cuz maybe they will think im slow or stupid. There definitely is more racism, sexism, homophobia in some parts of the south then in other parts of the country but by retaliating and treating people like they are backward does no good for anyone.

(more about me!)

my new years
Resolutions for
1996

- 1) To speak up more & more
■ & louder & more
■ confidently every day
- 2) To realize the potential
■ in my self to do awesome
■ things & stop selling
■ myself short w/ what
■ I think I can do.
- 3. To stop feeling shame
■ about my sexuality, to
■ be more upfront & out
■ about being queer.

- 4) To be honest w/my
■ sexual partners about
■ how whatever we are
■ doing makes me
■ feel physically &
■ emotionally.
- 5.) To put lots of work
■ into becoming closer
■ to people & making
■ close, lasting friend
■ ships.



■ Sarah Jean
■ Kennedy

Dear Boy,

FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU

Fuck you for everything

Fuck you for making me trust you and now i dont trust

anyone

Fuck you for all your stupid i love yous and your the

onlyonlyonly one

Fuck you for sleeping around with other women

unprotected and having sex with me

Fuck you for shit that im still to fucking ashamed

of to print in this zine

WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING?

WHAT IF WE HAD BOTH GOTTEN AIDS

WHAT FUCKING IF

Did you ever fucking think of me while you were

taking my fucking life in yr hands?

Sometimes i dream about killing you

about stabbing you over and over and over

I want, for my own hearts sake, to forgive you

but i fucking cant and i dont know if i ever will

Here's what I think about the name "riot grrrl" By: Erika Reinstein.

god i am so fucking sick of white middle-class women writing off riot grrrl because it's white and middle-class. i've heard it so many times and it just makes me sick. i mean of course a dialogue needs to be going on cuz riot grrrl IS white middle class DOMINATED, but in defining it as this white middle class thing it totally makes the contributions of those of us who are NOT that way, like, totally invisible okay? and do you think, like, i'm, like, stupid? cause i'm like totally not and i'm totally dedicated to continuing in the movement that was originally called riot grrrl although some of the names have changed.

the thing that really gets me is that i feel like a lot of this has to do with not wanting to be associated with the racist and/or classist connotations of the name riot grrrl, but hell? i can pretty much guarantee you that if you get a group of mostly white middle class girls together you are going to be dealing with racism and classism no matter what you call yourselves. do you not want to soil your precious reputations? because a lot of times that is what it seems like to me. i am not really worried about my reputation because i think the work i've done to challenge oppressive attitudes and oppression altogether speaks for itself.

and maybe if more white, classprivileged grrrls would get off their asses and do some serious work to challenge racism and classism A. i wouldn't have to, and B. you would see results & maybe some of that guilt would ease up. one thing i've seen so many times is girls giving up, this happened with olympia riot grrrl where racism was pointed out from inside and outside the group and it just tore the group up, nobody knew what to do. and in a way i can understand that because it is really scary, ~~IKKXXXXXX~~ white supremacy is a HUGE fucken scary barrier to work through, but it's fucking there already and it's not going away no matter what the name of your group is.

for example, in chicago i was in this group called the rotifer s which was a women's discussion group. it ~~x~~was (suprisingly enough) a white and middle-class dominated group even though we met in a working-class puerto rican (mostly) neighborhood, and well, a few of us who ~~were~~ working-class decided to confront the group and tell them we needed to have class addressed in the group because we felt excluded. well that was the end of that! a couple girls approached ~~x~~us as allies, but in the end (about two weeks later) the group disintegrated, and from what i heard everyone joined the lesbian avengers. i'm not telling this story to be depressing, i'm trying to make a point here.

and the thing is, if this group had been a riot ~~grrrl~~ group i think there would at least have been a sense of being part of a larger community and maybe a sense of accountability. cuz this girl revolution is not a solo act, and i think one thing that is really useful about rallying under the name riot grrrl is that we can ~~xx~~ build the kinds of communities that are necessary for revolution. plus the whole aspect of being able to find each other and identify ourselves. i mean lets take punk rock (oh god i can't believe i'm making this analogy). i came up through punk, and i was politicized in a lot of ways through punk, and mostly i don't really identify as passionately with other punks, i still use the community as a base, because it's there, and in a lot of ways i feel accountable to punk rock. plus, because it is something that is readily identifiable, there are a lot of different aspects to the "punk community". one thing that i love about punk is that it gives a sense of community to a lot of otherwise alienated and isolated young ^(poor) people. and that sense of community is vital, in whatever form it takes.

so back to riot grrrl. what i want to be building here, is a strong network of girls who are interested, nofuck that, who are dedicated to ending oppression. in this network there ~~xxx~~ is, as there should be, a sense of accountability to one another and sincere interest in dialogue and ~~x~~critique. i think when these networks are established, a level of safety within them creates spaces where true and honest criticism can happen. cuz lets ~~if~~ace it, we don't live in a vacuum and it's only when there's some level of safety (like common goals) can difficult risks be taken.

and lets talk for a minute about what kind of safety i'm not talking about. NOT ~~the~~ kind of safety that coddles ~~xxxxxxx~~ privilege. NOT the kind of safety that allows for oppressive silence. NOT the kind of safety that blindly accepts middleclass white american social mores(rules). NOT the kind of ~~xxxxxxx~~ safety that allows ANYONE to give up EVER. including me.

now, i ~~xx~~ realize that riot grrrl is not and never was for everyone. but it is for me and i ~~ix~~ am not white (although i have white skin privilege) and i am not middle-class. and speaking from that perspective, what i expect from anyone ~~xxx~~ who considers themselves my ally is NEVER ignore the important, no fuck that, VITAL work that non-white and ~~working-class/poor~~ women in riot grrrl do. those of you who are

white and class privileged

in the ~~xxx~~riot grrrl/punk feminist community, instead of trying to get away from the "soiled" reputation of riot grrrl, why not fully decide to be allies to marginalized women within this movement?

well, why not?

you can order my zines or contact me

c/o riot grrrl press.

Dear Diary,

Remember when we first met a way long time ago and i was

in the fourth grade and i wrote about how i wanted to kiss

a boy named john who was in the 6th grade, but

really

really

i wanted to kiss my best friend who wasnt a boy but

i was afraid to tell even you

dear dairy?

Dear Diary,

I want you to know that i am an awesome person,

THAT I AM AN AWESOME PERSON

THAT I AM AN AWESOME PERSON

THAT I AM AN AWESOME PERSON

and im going to say it

over and over untill i believe it.

Dear Diary,

You are not my salvation,

but you are a part of it.

from one Middle class + white person to another, read this OR ELSE

There have been many times when i have tried to point out to a boy that something he did or a general way that he acts is sexist and it really went straight over his head. He has been raised and taught by this culture that he is superior to women to the point that he doesnt even notice when he is acting sexist and has a hard time seeing it even after it has been pointed out to him. Its not fucking easy to deconstruct behaviors you have been taught your entire life. This is totally true for race and class. Middle class white people, myself 100% included here, have been taught that we are superior to working class/poor and non-white people to the point where, even if we have really good intentions, we dont notice when we are being racist or classist cuz its been pumped into our heads from day one. We also dont have to notice cuz we are not the ones being oppressed and its a lot easier to pretend it just doesn't exist. So anyway, these are some ways i have started to think about my privileges so i wont get caught up in not listening and being defensive (which is really easy to do) and i think they are good ways for all middle class white people to use:

this part is for girls:

One thing i try to do when im being confronted about my classism and racism or when im thinking about things in general is to put it in perspective for me and think about it in terms of sexism. I do not mean in any way that they are the same thing or i should treat them like they are, but, well, ill just use an example here. When i first moved to Chicago me and some other girls started a women's discussion group and one meeting some friends of mine, Mary, Erika, and Juliet, came and said that they were uncomfortable in the group cus it was middle class and white dominated and that we really needed to, as a group, confront classism and racism in the group if we wanted it to be a safe space for working class and non-white women. Well, almost everyone in the group got really defensive and mad and the group broke up shortly after that. Some things i tried to think about when that whole thing was happening was

ONE

If i was in a male dominated group i would feel uncomfortable/alienated, especially if none of the men were talking about sexism.

TWO

If i tried to confront the group about sexism within the group and everyone acted in a defensive way and treated me like everything i had to say was invalid i would be fucking pissed as all hell.

I mean, you cant expect men to work on their sexism and fight sexism if you, as a middle class white girl, are not willing to acknowledge the ways you are privileged and are not willing to put energy into ending oppressions besides sexism. I'm not saying its easy. I'm not saying its not hard not to be defensive. I'm not saying I'm perfect cuz I'm taking everything I'm writing here into my own heart cuz I need to remind myself of it over and over. But i think if the girls involved in this group had kept some of those things in mind they wouldnt have gotten so defensive and would have been more open to listening (i hope).

this is for girls and boys:

I think one thing middle class people can keep in mind when they are thinking about or being confronted about classism is times they have been treated shitty by upper middle class or owning class people.

So here's another example: One time my parents came to visit me and we went out to dinner at this really fancy restaurant (it was the type of place my parents could afford to go to every once in a while) and it turned out to be a really shitty experience. We showed up in jeans and t-shirts (every one else was wearing really expensive clothing) not realizing we needed reservations and the lady behind the counter rolled her eyes at us and said the place was pretty booked (there was hardly any one in there) and then directed us to a table way in the back behind a wall so almost no one could see us. When we got the menu we didnt know what almost anything on the menu actually was and we ordered

some appetizers but when they came the only thing that looked familiar was shrimp. They had pizza on the menu so i figured I'd play it safe and get that, but when it came it didnt look or taste much like pizza. We kept laughing and making jokes about our food and the people next to us kept looking at us and rolling their eyes. Even though we kept trying to pretend like everything was funny, we were really very uncomfortable.

this is what im getting at:

What i'm trying to point out by that little story is that my family (middle class) went into an upper middle class and owning class restaurant and we were totally treated like shit and it had everything to do with class. So it really made me think about how the middle class treats working class and poor people like they

are uncivilized. The middle class has so many mannerisms that we think working class people are suppose to live up to or should work to be like. I've had a lot of working class friends and it made me think about how they must of felt coming into my middle class home, like i felt going into that upper middle class/owning class restaurant. What part of themselves did they have to leave at the door to my house. Its not the same thing cuz i can easily avoid fancy restaurants and places like sax fifth avenue while working class and poor people cannot so easily avoid the middle class, but it is totally true that middle class people do get shit on by the upper and owning class. I think one thing that really scares middle class people is that they know they are usually one step away from the working class when they really wanna be one step away from the owning class. God, it would be fucking awesome if working class and middle class people could come together and say "FUCK THE OWNING CLASS", but there is so much work middle class people would have to do for that to happen, and we would have to give up a lot of our privileges for that to happen.

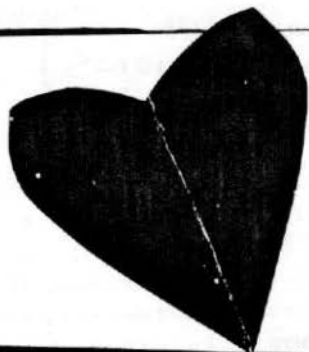
MAKING CONNECTIONS

Well, i was thinking that this just applied to class but i see some connections with race also. Ok, im going to use another example (yeah, im way into examples so fuck off). I work at a book store where most of the people that work there are white, but one of the assistant managers is black. One time a bunch of us were sitting in the break room and Brenda came in and said "how y'all be?" Some people started laughing and one guy said "i be fine" like it was really funny then Brenda looked embarrassed and said "sorry, i forgot where i was," meaning i forgot i was around a bunch of white people. Whenever Brenda comes to work or is in groups of white people in general she totally has to hide and change her self to fit into white middle class mannerisms and language. If non-white people want to be treated with respect by white people they really have to act as white as fucking possible or they will be treated with disgust or turned into a big joke. Working class or poor people have to try and act as middle class as possible around middle class people or they will be treated with disgust or turned into a big joke. Its all fucking connected.

yah fucken hoo its the end

Well, anyway im totally open to critique about anything in this article and if anybody has any other suggestions for ways middle class white people can work on deconstructing our privileges without being defensive please write me cuz its awesome for us to be helping and critiquing each other just like i think its awesome for men to working together to end sexism.

Its Never the end



I've been feeling really alienated cuz im not friends with anyone who is in a queer relationship right now. Most of my friends are queer expect every friend i have who is in a relationship is in one with the the opposite sex. I dont believe in putting any limitations on the word queer, at all. I love the word queer cuz its all inclusive. I also love the word queer cuz you can use it and not have to put an exact label on your sexuality like lesbian or bi-sexual. In one way i feel like im bi-sexual cuz occasionally i'll meet a guy and think about kissing him and im not opposed to kissing guys (now, penises are a whole other story). But in another way i feel like im a lesbian cuz i'd always rather be kissing a girl and i know my heart is with being with women. I know that ill never be in a boyfriend type relationship with a man again. It doesn't feel right, every relationship ive been in with a boy has been majorly missing a lot of things and id be selling myself way short if i became involved with another boy. So, i like the word queer cuz i dont have to pin point my sexuality.

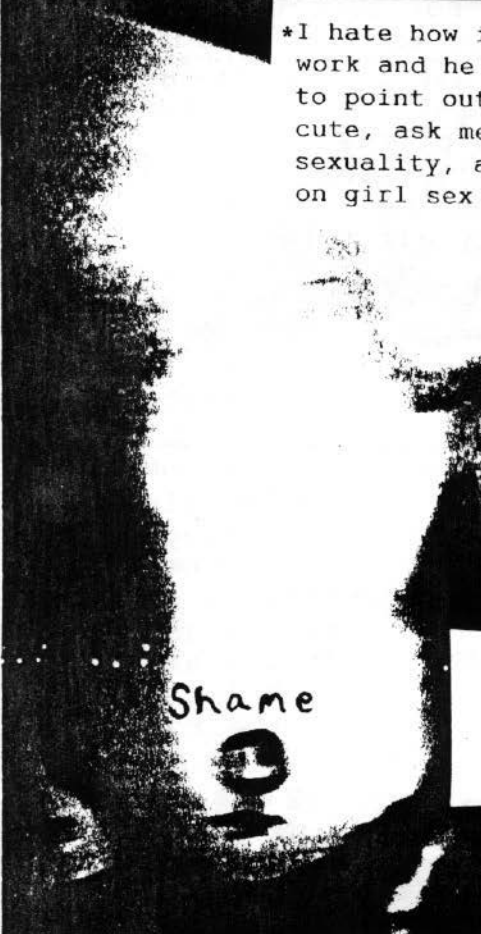
But, back to what i was saying before. Right now im not friends with a single girl who is dating another girl and it really fucking sucks. This is not an attack on anyone's sexuality and im not at all saying that becuz someone is in a het relationship that they are not queer or becuz they mostly date boys that they are not queer. I dont

believe in limiting what queer is but that doesn't mean that i don't feel like a fucken freak around here sometimes. Like i was dating this girl and when i brought her around i felt like we were on display. Like, oh look a girl dating another girl, what a fucking novelty. And im not just talking about the small community that im in right

now. The few pen pals that i have who are dating women right now feel the same way and they live in other parts of the country. God, sometimes i get really sick of the all the boygirl couples around me. And i also don't believe that all my girlfriends who are in relationships all just "happen" to be dating boys. I think internalized homophobia has a lot to do with it and im not saying anyone is weak or anything, cuz i have a fucking shit load of internalized homophobia

to deal with and its hard as shit. Sometimes i feel so fucking disgusted about wanting to be with girls it fucking kills me. Ive been told my whole life that my sexuality is sick and perverted and that feeling doesn't go away easily. I know all my friends are brave and smart enough to do what is right for them, but i also don't want to deny the role that internalized homophobia plays in a queer persons life.

I don't mind boygirl couples but when thats all i ever see i do fucking mind. I need some sort of a balance and if i was around girls who were dating other girls i know it would help me get over a lot of the shame i have about my sexuality.



*I hate how a boy slinks into town and ends up kissing a girl that i have a crush on. WHY IS IT SO GOD DAMN EASY FOR HIM? (besides, fuck you boy cuz im way cooler and cuter then you anyways)

*I hate how i finally come out to a guy at work and he uses it as an open invitation to point out every girl who he thinks is cute, ask me stupid questions about my sexuality, and basically live out his girl on girl sex fanasty thru me.

*I hate how im on the el with a girl im dating and we have to hold hands underneath our coats cuz our fucking lives are at stake and thats not a fucking joke.

Shame

*I hate how im kissing a girl and it feels totally right but there is a voice in my head telling me im disgusting.

*I hate how im at my family reunion and everyones asking me if i have a boyfriend.

*I hate how i want to tell my mom all of this but i am afraid.

Me



I

am

Gross

dirty

disgusting

sick

diseased

infected

perverted

This is a list i made of ways i am privileged as a white middle class person. At first i was gonna make two separate lists, but because race and class oppression are so closely connected in the u.s. fucken. a so many of these things were impossible to separate. Also, this is not in any way a finished list and never will be.

cars that usually ran good

Health insurance

do not have to constantly assimilate to
fit into dominate culture

treated with respect in places other aren't

lots of presents at x-mas/birthday

new clothes

Nice teeth from going to the dentist

own spending money

shop in stores w/out being followed

own bedroom

Ive never been called trash

fit white beauty standards

job at a bookstore

access to "correct" ways of speaking

full stomach

get away w/a lot of shit nonwhite people
cannot get away with cuz im not seen
as a representative of the whole white
race

like:

acting goofy in public

dressing funny

having weird hair

scamming/stealing

doing dumb illegal things

punk rock, man

Feelings of superiority

financial security

If i make mistakes im not seen as
a failure of an entire race

air condition

plenty of products made to fit my
skin tone/hair

plenty of heat in the winter

College education (easy access)

job opportunities cuz of college education

protection under
judicial system

job opportunities cuz of white skin

the neighborhoods ive lived in where
pretty free from street violence

not subject to
police brutality

Feeling like i deserve access to most things

treated with respect by doctors which
means i have better medical attention

family vacations

homes ive lived in were kept well
repaired and safe.

As a white middle class girl i am constantly
validated in this white upper class supremacist society

I can pretend classism and racism not exist or that
i am not classist or racist so i can remain
comfortable

being comfortable

going out to eat

treated like i am superior



Jenny's self
portrait.

Jan 21 '16

hello,

yesterday was my birthday
+ i just can't believe how
much of my life has past
by. i woke up feeling
really depressed, i just
laid there. i didn't
even think i could get
outta bed. i just feel
like i've wasted so much
of my life not doing
what was right for me,
or not being who i really
am, if that makes any
sense. i think one of
my biggest regrets is
that i spent so much
time dating /bitching
men when i've always
known that is NOT

thank

you

to

all

my

friends

i ended up having a
totally awesome
birthday + it was cuz
of my friends. i'd they
hadn't of been there
i'm not sure i'd
would have gotten
outta bed at all.
i really feel like my
life is changing + i
know its up to me to
change it + look forward
to the future + stop
bitching head about
the past.

where my heart is.
i've spent so much
time covering up myself
that i feel buried
under a bunch of layers
of sadness. i think
this is a big thing which
keeps me from being able
to be close to people. How
can i be close to people
if i don't know who the
fuck i am?

i know i need to laugh
outta this + i know i'm
starting to + the least
thing is that i have so
many awesome friends
who care about me +!

i

love

you

YOU are IMPORTANT

hey! this is an announcement about WHERE I COME FROM, which is going to be an anthology by and about those of us who grew up working-class or poor, as defined by us. this idea has been floating around for a while but it's been really hard to get people to feel like what they have to say is important or smart enuf, especially since many of us are young adults- SO, what i want to say is that this anthology isn't happening without all of us, each voice is vital regardless of how articulate, political, educated we are by dominant standards. this must be made as a commitment to ourselves that we are important, our voices must be heard. any contribution of writing, art, pictures (anything xeroxable) is welcome. please get off yr butts and help us make this a reality!!! ♡ *marie perika*

the address: 2501 N. Lincoln Ave #261

ps: this is an open invitation, so spread the word!!!

CHicago, IL 60614

riot grrrl is (by me sarah)
riot grrrl is about establishing
a network of girls across the world
who i can communicate and grow
and learn from

riot grrrl is about new friends
who i might have never met

riot grrrl is about me learning
to challenge all the fucked up
ways i've been conditioned as a
white middle class girl

riot grrrl is about me realizing
i'm not the center of the universe
riot grrrl is about people
forcing me to see that i'm not the
center of the universe when i should
have been doing that myself

riot grrrl is about me learning
to say i love you to everyone i
love without feeling silly

riot grrrl is about me loving
myself without feeling silly

riot grrrl is about eating
toasted oats outta box and
working on riot grrrl press
and laughing outloud like a
total weirdo

riot grrrl is about learning
to cry

riot grrrl is about strength

this is my incomplete list
yrs could include some of
these or none

SO HERE WE ARE AT THE END

I want to say that i am totally open to critique to anything in this zine and i hope you will write me with your thoughts about anything written in here. In fact, you better fucken write me cuz i put a lot of work into this. I think it would be really rad if white and middle class people wrote me about this zine so we can start talking about the ways we are privileged and figuring things out for ourselves instead of relying on others to teach us. dig?

Well, last, and not at all least i want to thank everyone who has inspired me and influenced me cuz without them i would not be the person i am today and this zine would have never happened. I do not live in a vacuum and these ideas in this zine did not just pop out of my head so either thru their writings or conversations all of these people deserve credit for totally influencing me:

Shayna Swanson, Basil Shadid, Val Taylor, Nomy Lamm, Justin Wood, Sarah Wood, Geneva Gano, Christine Doza, Heather Lynn, Chistina Woolner, Jenny Katsenios, Juliet Carson, Aragorn, WitKnee Hubbs, My Mom, Trish Kelly, Kristen Lehner, Joel Martinez, Marie Koetje, Sugar Caballero, Brent Green, Kate Shvetsky, Nicole, Martin Sorrondeguy, Claudine/Ungrateful zine. And, of course, Erika Reinstein and Mary Fondriest for totally changing my life and influencing me so much.

The only thing that sucks about thank you lists is that yr bound to leave someone out so im sorry if i did, ok bye



Sarah

This zine is one dollar plus

2 stamps

or trade

Sarah Kennedy

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Chicago, Il. 60614